# The Country Miſs new come in Faſhion;

Or,

# A farewel to the Pockifi'd Town *Miſs.*

A Country Girl in a Paragon Gown,
That never yet knew the tricks of the town;
Did lately delude a taring Gallant,
Who juſt ſuch an Innocent Virgin did want,
And ſince he's enjoy'd her I heard him proteſt
That of all other Miſſes ſhe pleaſed him beſt.

To an excellent new Play-houſe Tune,

Called, The Mock-Tune to the French Rauth. With Allowance.

GIve me the Laſs that's from Country bred,
With paragon gown, draw out on her head;
Feeding upon good Bacon and Beans,
But never knew what ſitting means.

What though her skin be tawny and courſe,
Flocks ſhe lyes on, ſhe'l kiſs ne'r the worſe;
Clap ſhe ne'r had like Miſs of the Town,
Tha's painted and patcht, and lyes up and down

What though her ſpeech be ſimple and plain,
She knows not what flattering compliments
If haiwp you ſpeak, ſhe blushes and ſmiles, (mean;
Such innocent charms ſtead of beauty beguiles.

Free from diſtempers in every part,
Where ever ſhe likes ſhe loves from her heart,
She's not for a minute like thoſe of the Trade,
For pleaſing enjoyment for ever ſhe's made.

She has not the trick of forcing delight,
But acts with like pleaſures each day & each night
Each moment ſhe's dying, ſo hot is her fire,
And never does kiſs but with perfect deſire.

So ſound is her Nature, ſhe's always in health,
Her kiſſes are ſweet which ſhe gives me by ſtealth
When e're I am dull, and ſit ſighing alone,
She'l ſing me a ſong of young Tommy and Jone.

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The hair of her head is as black as a Crow,
She's very well shap'd, not too high nor too low,
All parts are inviting in ev'ry degree:
Especially those we are forbidden to see.

My Nanny and I (for that is her name)
So equally manage now each others flame,
That neither's deceiv'd nor can ever be cloy'd,
But both alike brisk after pleasure's enjoy'd.

Our Wives o'th' Town are contrary-wise,
They ne'r take delight but in hopes of a prize;
Their desire is quail'd before they begin,
Because they each day make a Trade of their Sin.

Their blood is corrupted, their bodies are foul,
They swear loud enough to damn body and soul:
They clap all their Cullies, and their pockets pick,
And send the young fop home for a while to be sick.

With a doze of rare Pills & some other fine slaps,
They keep 'em selves under the notion of Claps,
Which else would arrive to the bridge of the nose,
But that they prevent by a turpentine doze.

My Nanny and I are free from disease,
While ne'r are in danger let's do what we please:
We hugg and we kiss, we toast and we play,
And for pleasures we study to find a new way.

All that though her country Town's been rude
And cannot with eloquence others delude.
'Tis no matter for that, for she has won my heart so,
I shall love her for ever for a trick that I know.

Beyond all expressing the sweetest our joys,
And doubtless she's full of fine Girls and fine boys
She's kind and she's true, & so constant 'twas prov'd
She ne'r will admit any Rival in Love.

The better Sye May so may trust if she will,
And swear that my Country Nanny wants skill:
To toast and to kiss, but 'tis how she's deceiv'd,
She has judgement enough if I may be believ'd.

Such harmless endearments would ravish ones soul,
Though old age and envy can say to control.
Her kisses a man almost dead will revive,
No better are had from no woman alive.

All that I have said of my Nanny is true
And more she deserves if I gave her her due,
But this shall suffice, and my labour 'tis safe
Tell you all fall a longing for what you can't have

FINIS.

London Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.

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